

WILLIAM H. BARNES AND MARGARET ELLEN CLEGG



William Henry Barnes was born on June 22, 1853, in Bolton, Lancashire, England, a son of Thomas and Nancy Boardman Barnes. His paternal grandparents were Peter and Betty Harrison Barnes, and his maternal grandparents were William and Mary Pendlebury Boardman.

William Barnes came to Utah on September 29, 1866. He married Margaret Ellen Clegg on December 28, 1872, and this marriage was solemnized in the old Salt Lake Endowment House on August 3, 1874.

Margaret Ellen Clegg was born November 21, 1855, in Bolton, Lancashire, England, a daughter of Jonathan and Ellen Walmsly Clegg. Jonathan Clegg and family came to Utah in the famous handcart company of 1856 under the leadership of Captain Edward Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes had fourteen children, eight girls and six boys, as follows: William H., Robert, Nancy Ellen, Sarah Alice, Margaret, Elizabeth, Sylvia, Rose, Lillian, John, Richard, Earl, and Charles Brigham Barnes. They also raised two grandchildren, Ester Ludlow Sweat and Mary Ludlow Duke, making 16 children

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they raised and cared for. They were kind and loving parents, doing all they could to provide for their children and make them happy. William Barnes was twelve years old when he and a brother, Richard, came to Utah. He went to work for Mose Cluff carrying the mail from Echo to Provo. He had many experiences with the Indians while carrying the mail. There was only a trail in the high mountains through Provo Canyon. When he would hear the Indians coming, he would hide until they had passed. There was a pine tree that looked much like an umbrella and William said he would generally get there for dinner and rest for a while before going on. He rode a horse part way and then on snow shoes for the rest of the journey. They said he was an honest and dependable man.

After he gave up the mail, he went to Coalville to find work. He had been ill with quinsy. He started to walk to Coalville. There was mud and snow on the ground and he only had one pair of shoes, which he had to stop frequently and clean off the mud before he could go on. He took the foothills and got to Silver Creek as it was getting late in the evening and he made camp there. He had no matches or bedding to keep warm, so he took off his coat and wrapped around his wet feet and lay there shivering all night. He arose early in the morning so that he could walk while the snow was still crusted. Upon arising, he found that he was on the wrong side of the canyon. There was a big ditch to cross so he climbed a large tree that was bending across the creek and throwing his bundle across he crawled over the branches and dropped to the other side.

When he reached Coalville, he couldn't find work, but he heard there was work in Weber Canyon so he went there and was soon hired. While there, he came in contact with poison ivy and had to return home as his hands were swollen and he couldn't work. After he was feeling better, he got work at Coalville.

He and his brother, Richard, worked and saved enough money to bring his mother and brother, Brigham, from England. Their father had died in England in August of 1857.

After their mother got here, they moved to Coalville and then later to Almy, Wyom-

ing, where their mother died and was buried. They worked very hard and saved enough money to send for their sister, Betty Tounge, and family. Although they had hardships, they never complained.

William Barnes raised a large family, but they always had something to eat and were dressed warm. Although they were not blessed with worldly goods, they had what they needed and they were very happy. Sometimes at nights they would sit and sing their favorite songs. One of them was "When You and I Were Young Marrieds," and another was "High on the Mountain Top." Everywhere they went people asked them to sing. They both had wonderful voices and could sing very well together. William used to jig in his younger days. Every dance he went to, as soon as they saw him come in the door they would start to play a jig tune and how he could jig.

They went through some sad trials during their life. They lost a boy 19 years old when he and William and a son-in-law, William Thompson, went to the canyon for a load of wood. A tree which they were cutting down fell on him, killing him instantly. It happened in Lake Creek Canyon about five miles east of Heber.

He moved to Center Creek where he bought a farm and lived there the rest of his life. It was here they lost their second son, John. He was drowned in a reservoir just through the fence from their home. He was fourteen years old. It was a terrible thing to go through. They stood on the bank from morning till late at night before they got him out.

He was always very thankful for what people did for them. One experience he had when carrying the mail to Provo. He stopped at one house, and the hat which he wore had the crown out and his hair was frozen, when the lady saw him she cried. The next trip he made, she made him a suit out of a homespun petticoat she had, and he was very happy over it. It was the first suit he had.

As long as he was able, he never missed a month of visiting as a ward teacher, going with his lantern in all kinds of weather.

If anyone needed help, they were the first ones there to help and were willing to do anything they could for their neighbors.

Tragedy
in
Lake Creek
Canyon
p 1105-6
(last column)
Tree fell
on 19 yr
old